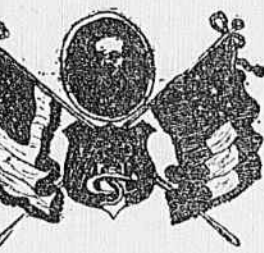




ELIZABETH RED.



M. BROADRUP.



THERESA POLLAK.



WADE L. JANCET.



EVELYN E. DYKE.



REBECCA COOPER.



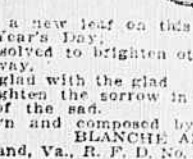
LION A. ELLIS.



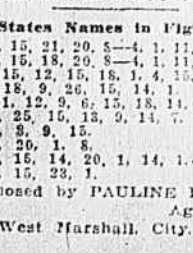
THELMA TIGNOR.



THE LEAF THAT IS TURNED.



BLANCHE ANTHONY.



W. S. D. E.

Correspondence Column

Her First Letter This Year.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the page this year, so I will now write a few lines. The weather has been bitterly cold here, the coldest we have had since we have been here. I must tell you about some of the birds we have seen: Little brown birds with top knots on their heads, I saw a red bird the other day, it flashed across our yard like a flame of fire. Lots of little snow birds come in our yard; we feed them, and in the flock the other day we saw two that none of us knew what kind they were. Underneath they were a rosy pink and on their back and heads was bright scarlet. In all other respects they were like the common brown snow bird, but none of us knew much about birds. Last week we saw partridges. I must close for this time. Best wishes for you and all the members. Sincerely, NELLIE E. CHADWICK.

Dear Feeding the Birds.

Dear Editor,—It has been about two months since I wrote to the club last. I would have written sooner, but have been so busy at school I have not had time. I sent the answer to Curtis Elder's puzzle. The birds are almost starved, and I think you very much for best prize. Nothing could have pleased me better. I think Emma Chadwick does fine work for the club. J. B. WOODVILLE, JR., Fayette, W. Va.

Patience Rewarded.

Dear Editor,—After waiting patiently for my prize, I received two beautiful, nicely bound books, and was more than paid for my waiting. I could thank and thank and thank you for the beautiful books, and still that would not be sufficient, for I love good reading and read all my spare time. This week I'm sending a story, "The Vision," which I hope I shall see in print. Wishing the best of success to the page, remain, IRVING HAMILTON WHITE, 24 West Clay Street, City.

Delighted With Medal.

Dear Editor,—You may just imagine how delighted I was when I was presented with the medal that I had won the December medal, and how highly I prize that little gem, which came to me a few days ago (and more so, as it is the first medal I have received in my life), and for which it is impossible for me to express my gratitude and obligations to you. I wish also to congratulate Miss Freeman as the winner among the girls of the club, and I am sure you have a grateful pupil of mine. Wishing you and all the club the highest prosperity in all the various lines of our work, I remain your sincere member, J. E. CUNNINGHAM.

Beginning New Year Right.

Dear Editor,—An I haven't written to you and sent you anything in such a long time for the T. D. C. page I think I will try to do better this year and try and win a prize. I am sending you a little verse and story I composed. I also send you an answer to some puzzles. I am hoping they will escape Mr. Wastebasket, and I hope to see them published. We have nearly finished our new year's resolutions. They certainly did deserve the prize. Their drabs are just fine. Wishing you and all the members a prosperous New Year, I remain one of your old true members. BEATRICE THOMPSON, Jetersville, Va.

Prize Medal Winner.

Dear Editor,—I received the beautiful medal this morning and I want to thank you so much for it. You can't imagine my delight when I saw it, and I am going to wear it as much as I can. I am so proud of it that I want to show it to all of my friends. I am sending a drawing which seems very appropriate for this cold, snowy weather, and hope it is good enough to be published. We have nearly finished our new year's resolutions. They certainly did deserve the prize. Their drabs are just fine. Wishing you and all the members a prosperous New Year, I remain one of your old true members. BEATRICE THOMPSON, Jetersville, Va.

MY TRIP TO THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

We left Richmond at 7:30 over the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, July 2, and reached Washington at 11 o'clock. Changed trains there, and passed through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Dover, Wilmington and Newark. (Near Newark we changed one below zero, and we have also had a good deal of snow since Christmas. I must thank you again for the much-appreciated medal. Yours sincerely, SUSIE W. MCGOWAN.

THE SPIDER.

Some people think that a spider is an insect, but it is not. It has eight legs, and its body seems to be divided into two parts. A young spider is of the same shape as an old one, while an insect goes through a number of changes. Spiders always spin webs, and this is something that an insect cannot do. The way that it goes about spinning it fastens the thread to some thing and then it crawls to something else and fastens it again. A spider can spin a web in a little while, and some of them are very beautiful. When they come around, I soon discover it in its hole. If a fly gets caught in its web the spider will rush out and capture it for his dinner. I have read a poem called "The Spider and the Fly." In this poem the spider invites the fly to come into his parlor, but he refuses to come. W. S. D. E., Staunton, Va.

Editorial And Literary Department

Room On Page too Valuable for Editor to Seize Upon.

My Dear Boys and Girls: We are having a large accession in membership at the beginning of the new year. It is very hard to get in contributions for everybody, as the editor would wish to do. But those who do not see letters and stories in this week will have their turn next time. And that is the way matters will be evened. I am not taking up room myself this week. It is too valuable. I just wish to say that there has been a slight confusion as to names in regard to one prize winner, whose name was Grace E. Turner, and not Kitty E. Turner. YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Averyll, Lois; Hillier, Brown; Anthony, Sadie; Jones, Wm. E., Jr.; Anthony, Blanche; Joyner, Gladys E.; Bailey, Dora I.; Johns, Readie; Bowman, Wilbur; Lord, Kenneth; Boal, Charlotte; Lawrence, Harold; Banks, Ralph P.; McGowan, S. W.; Baker, Edna; Meade, C. K.; Blair, W. S.; Newell, Dorothy; Blount, Kate; Norwood, Helen; Bennett, Rosella; Briel, Pauline; Briel, William; Reid, Elizabeth; Bloom, Kate; Reed, Edward; Baker, W. Howard; Raynes, F. M.; Chadwick, W. E.; Ropp, Margaret; Chadwick, Harry; Shaw, Edith; Cooper, Rebecca; Stebbins, Miles C.; Cooper, Sarah; Saunders, Alma L.; Cunningham, J. B.; Thompson, Beatrice; Conolly, Leslie G.; Turner, Kitty E.; Cox, Earle Taylor; Tignor, Thelma; Devin, G. S.; Van Horn, G.; Dyke, Evelyn E.; Venable, Isla; Dorin, Wm. H., Jr.; Venable, V. L.; Du Val, Irene; Vincent, Wade H.; Drinker, Virginia; Walther, Edna; Ellis, Lion A.; Walther, Norma; Freeman, Jeanette; Walther, Annie; Ferguson, R. M.; Whyte, Irving H.; Giers, Graham; Wood, Louise; Gibson, R. B.; Woodville, J. B., Jr.; Glenn, Donald; Walker, Harry W.; Gibson, Justine; Willis, Marion; Hillier, Thelma; Hite, Elizabeth; Hughes, Warren; Walte, Priscilla L.; Hawkins, Edward; Wilson, Louise.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Graham Glenn, 1703 West Cary Street, City.  
Walter Blair, Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton.  
Russell M. Ferguson, whose story is unsigned and whose full address is desired.

THE TRAMP'S DAUGHTER.

In a cottage in the midst of a great forest lived a little girl and boy named Dorothy and Harold. Dorothy was a night and day, for Dorothy was fair, with blue eyes and golden hair, and Harold was dark, with black eyes and black hair. One night their father, Mr. Brant, forgot to lock the front door. This was an unlucky moment, for no sooner had the house settled down, than a kidnapper crept out from the bushes, where he had been hiding. He had the door left unlocked and had reached the house. Thus when Dorothy could get in, and steal one of those children, which were worth more to their father and mother than anything the world possessed. He softly crept into the little room where Harold and Dorothy slept, the latter unconscious of what was going to happen to her. She was a very sound sleeper, and when the man bent over her and lifted her in his arms, she only turned restlessly in her sleep. Thus when Dorothy broke found its way through the great forest, Dorothy was far away from her home and relatives.

Ten Years Later.

A tramp and a sweet, sad faced young girl were slowly walking down an alley in the gathering dusk. They were in the worst part of the city, and at last the tramp and Dorothy, for it was she, changed it is true, but still

the same tender hearted girl of ten years ago, turned into a tumbledown house. Here the tramp told Dorothy gruffly to lie down on a pile of straw in a corner, and when she timidly asked for something to eat, he struck her brutally and threw her down. Dorothy lay down, and at last the tramp's snore was heard, and as soon as he was asleep Dorothy slipped out of the house. At last she reached the business part of the city, and sat down to wait for morning. Finally she fell asleep. When she awoke it was about 2 o'clock, and rising wearily she was about to walk on when a lady, whose name was Mrs. Farrell, said kindly: "My dear, where are you going?" "I do not know," said Dorothy, despairingly. "I have nowhere to go and I'm so hungry."

"Oh, you hungry child," said Mrs. Farrell, pityingly. Then she brightened up and said: "Come with me and I'll give you something to eat. You look famished." The lady led the way to a big, green automobile, and while they were speeding toward her home she asked Dorothy about her home and parents. Dorothy told all she could remember, and in a nice home as a companion to Mrs. Farrell's daughter, an invalid, we will come back a year later.

One Year Later.

"Dorothy," said Mrs. Farrell, one morning at breakfast, "would you like to know something of your parents?" She knew Dorothy would be overjoyed, but was not prepared for the way Dorothy told her that she would. Dorothy's face grew white, and she knelt down by Mrs. Farrell and clasped her hands and with tears in her eyes. "Oh! tell me quick," she pleaded.

After Dorothy had calmed down Mrs. Farrell told Dorothy that her father was a rich merchant, and her mother a strong young man. Her mother's hair was gray she said, but not with Dorothy's. Dorothy told her mother she was in Europe, that they would be there soon.

She will not describe the meeting between the parents and lost daughter, but ever after was Dorothy guarded with jealous care.

606 Barton Avenue, Heights Heights, Richmond.

THE NAMES OF THE STREETS OF PETERSBURG.

Part II.  
As our school is located on Wythe street, I have tried very hard to find out all I could about it. Not long ago an old brick building, fronting on Wythe street, was torn down. This was once a tavern belonging to a Mr. Wythe, who also owned a lot of what is Wythe Street. Mr. Weeks had a road cut through his property, so it was convenient for the farmers coming from Prince George county to stop at his tavern. For a long time this road was known as Weeks's Cut. Street for Chancellor Wythe, the noted Virginia lawyer. Harrison Street was so called for old Parson Harrison, a colonial rector of Bristol Parish, now known as Blandford. The old home of Joseph Harding, for whom the street was named, is still standing on Harding Street. Byrd Street was named for Thomas Byrd, a wealthy Irishman.

A fine Street derived its name from the fact that when it was laid off it was in the midst of a pine grove. Shore Street was named for Thomas Shore, one of the first postmasters of this city. The post office was then located on Bank Street. River Street derived its name from the fact that it was so near the river, and Canal Street being near the canal, got its name in the same way.

Petersburg did not become a city until 1856, when we had our first Mayor and City Council. Its growth up to this time was very slow, and we are told that in 1812 Petersburg had only a population of 5,000 people. It might have grown faster but for the war between the States, which held their hands in the same family so long.

Tabb Street was not cut through to North Market Street until 1852. One of the Bollings married a Miss Tabb, and it was thought that this street was named for her family. Before this Union Street had been opened, and it was so called because it united Halifax and Tabb Streets.

Four of our streets were named for Presidents—Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Fillmore. Others were

named for great men, such as Franklin, Marshall and Lafayette. It seems that in recent years the thoughts of our citizens have turned heavenward, for two of the streets of Petersburg have been named for the planets, Mars and Mercury.

GABRIELLA SPOONER DUNN, 204 Fillmore St. Petersburg, Va.

THE DEATH OF THE DAISY.

The robin sang in the tree. The daisy sat in the meadow. Autumn had come. The cold weather was coming on, and the robin and the daisy knew it. In fact, it was late, very late for a robin to be staying this far north. The reason was clear: the robin was in love with the daisy. All spring he had watched the daisy, and in summer he had courted the daisy, and they were to be married in the autumn. All September, October and part of November the daisy had put it off, but at last she had given up and set the day—the 20th of November. The robin was awfully glad. At last night came on, it was pretty chilly, and the robin went to his nest and the daisy closed its eyes and went to sleep. In the night it became cold and snowed very fast, and when the sun came up the snow was a foot deep. The robin was very much frightened. He flew to the place where the daisy lived and he found it frozen to death and buried in the beautiful snow. He kissed it and flew away.

WM. ELLIS JONES, JR., 2010 Floyd Avenue, Richmond.

A LITTLE BIRD.

One Sunday afternoon I was sitting by the window looking at the T. D. C. C. page and I happened to look out-of-doors and I saw a little snow-bird hopping around on the snow. The ground was covered with snow, and he seemed to be so hungry hopping around on the snow. There was some broom straw out in the yard and he would hop to the broom straw and climb on it as if he was looking for some little seed or something to eat. He would get nearly to the top of the straw and then it would give away and he would go back to the ground. He kept that up for a few moments, and then something of the porch scared him, and he flew away. I do not know what became of him, but I suppose he went off to find something to eat.

BEATRICE THOMPSON, Jetersville, Va.

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

Some time ago there was a man in New York who was in business, and had a large store. He wanted a boy, and he put an advertisement in the newspapers. The next morning about a dozen boys came to his place, and the man's office to apply for the situation. "A man went in and looked at them. They were all nice looking boys, tidy and earnest. They looked as if they really wanted to get something to do. He hardly knew how to make up his mind which one to take. So at last he said: 'Boys, you all want this job; but I can take only one of you. I am going to take rather a queer way of finding out which boy I will have.' There was a post by his desk, and there was a nail driven straight in. He took a walking-stick and said, 'The first boy that can strike that nail on the head with this stick twice out of three times shall have the place.' One boy jumped up; he thought it was very easy. 'I will do it.' He got the stick and walked steadily up. Whack! on that side. He walked up again. Whack! on this side. He walked up again. Whack! and he went under it. 'You did not hit the nail then,' said the man; 'can you hit it now?' 'Yes, I can,' said the boy, and he took the stick and walked straight up. Whack! He struck it plump on the head.

"Ah," said the man; "you just happened to do it that time; you can't do it again." Whack! plump on the head of the stick the second time. "Now do it again," said the man. Whack! plump on the head he struck it the third time.

"Now, my lad, will you please explain how you did it?" "Yes," said the boy. "When I left here yesterday I knew that the thing could be done or you would not have asked us to do it. So I went home and got mother to give me a hammer, a nail and a broomstick. I went into the yard, drove a nail into the fence and practiced all the day with the broomstick till I could hit away to it, and practiced till I could do it, and I got up an hour before breakfast this morning and tried again."

The man said: "You are the boy for me." Whatever the boy had to do he tried to do his best; and it was not very long before he became chief clerk in the store.

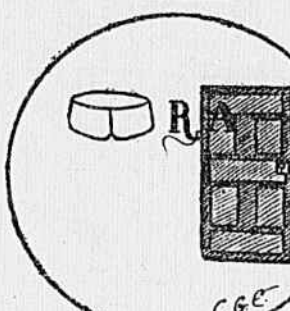
RUSSELL M. FERGUSON.

TWELVE RULES OF LIFE.

Do to thy's work to-day. Wisdom is better than rubies. Keep good company or none. Poverty is better than riches. Wherever you go be polite. Do what conscience says is best. Always obey your parents and you will never regret it. Don't lie or anybody. Don't steal. Don't cheat. Strike who the iron is hot. Never make a mountain out of a molehill. Make hay while the sun shines. Be not envious of one another. Do what ever you have to do with a true and earnest zeal. Be sure your sins will find you out. HAROLD LAWRENCE.

Puzzle Department

What State?



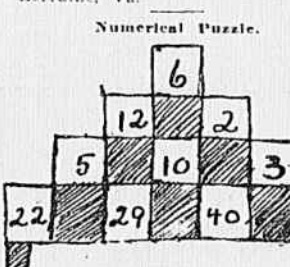
CURTIS G. ELDER.

A Dog Puzzle.



HELEN BROADRUP.

Numerical Puzzle.



HELEN BROADRUP.

Add three of these numbers and only three, and get the sum of fifty.

PAULINE BUELL.

A Charade.

My first is in mill, but not in gill; My second is in sickness and also in thimble; My third is in life, but not in fire; My fourth is in time, but not in rhyme; My fifth is in rock and also in dock; My sixth is in name, but not in name; My whole is an English poet.

Box No. 16, Rio Vista, Va.

Jumbled English Poets.

1. Eecackrassp.
2. Tomlin.
3. Hahuece.
4. Yubnan.
5. Netmoyan.
6. Rowrowthad.
7. Nurbs.
8. Rybno.
9. Etharey.
10. Epop.
11. Weproc.
12. Totsc.

By IRENE DU VAL, Box No. 16, Rio Vista, Va.

Birthday Puzzles.

1. When was Benjamin Franklin born?
2. When was Daniel Webster born?
3. When was Robert E. Lee born?
4. Who was called the "Watt of America," and where was he born?
5. What celebrated ornithologist was born on a plantation in Louisiana?
6. When and where was Washington born? Where and when did he die?

ANSWERS.

To "Beheadings and Curtailings," by Little Passamaneck:  
1. Frown—row.  
2. Scowl—cow.  
3. Phes—lie.  
Sent by BLANCHE ANTHONY.

LOOK FOR OPPORTUNITIES.

The year 1911, with its disappointments, its achievements, its sorrows and its joys has been swept along by the stream of time, and is now a part of the past. But, while we are standing on the threshold of this new year, 1912, and looking over a new landscape, let us, in imagination, roll back the tide of time one year, and, before entering upon what the new year has for us, let us look upon some of the things which we have done during the year 1911. In our survey we find that there are things, which we have done, which we ought not to have done. We also find things, which we have failed to do, which we ought to have done. We feel discouraged, and are at a loss to know what to do. This year that has passed will never come to us again. But let us not be discouraged, for there is, as it were, a stream of opportunities lying before us. Then, let us have for our first resolution, "Never waste our opportunities." Some may say that they do not know every time an opportunity comes to them. I can answer this by saying that they do not look for them or wish to see them. An opportunity is one of the easiest things to find that I know of, so I advise each one to look for his opportunities. EDWARD HAWKINS, V. S. D. E., Staunton, Va.

Answer to Gladys Ingalls's Incomplete

H. E. CHADWICK.



ALMA L. SAUNDERS.



HELEN BROADRUP.



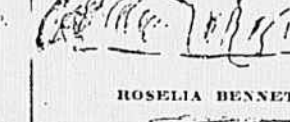
ROSELLA BENNETT.



KITTY E. TURNER.



SUSIE W. MCGOWAN.



ROBEY'S COMPLAINT.



HELEN TIGNOR.



ROBEY'S COMPLAINT.



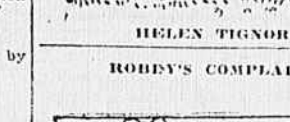
ROBEY'S COMPLAINT.



ROBEY'S COMPLAINT.



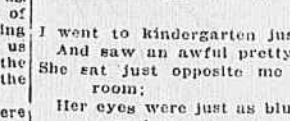
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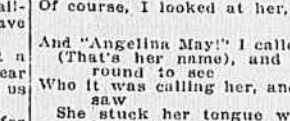
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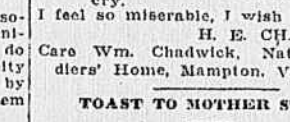
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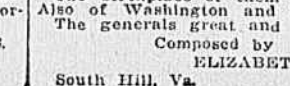
ROBEY'S COMPLAINT.



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